

ISSUE #7

The Global Magazine of Horror

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SHIVERS CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

What's rapidly turning out to be the major date on the horror calendar occurs between May 30th and June 5th this year. Of course, I'm referring to the mega-fab 'Dylan Dog Horror Fest' which celebrates its fourth anniversary in Milan. I can't wait to return. Nor can Wes Craven who invited himself along even though he has no movie to hype! But that's the joy of this particular festival, the carnival family atmosphere the organizers create. With Tobe Hooper, Scott Glen, Alex Winter and George Romero's names being mentioned, plus the movies *Ticks*, *Camosaur*, *Nightmare*, *Warlock II* and *Hideous Mutant Freakz* already confirmed, it looks set to rival last year's great line-up. One of the movies on show is previewed this issue, Brian Yuzna's *Return of the Living Dead 3* and advance word couldn't be better. Special effects man Sergio Shvalts is turning the venue — extended to seat 6000 — into a Gothic castle with turrets and drawbridges and, because the Fest hits the Marquis de Sade's birthday (June 2nd), the extra-outrageous events should prove interesting. Or at least worth a whip round! A full report next issue. Incidentally, the 'Dylan Dog' comic is being launched later this year in Britain. Unfortunately, the detective of nightmares' name is being changed to 'Damian Darko'. The logic behind this escapes me, especially as we're in the era of Superman and Sonic the Hedgehog, but it will be interesting to see if this revamp can repeat its huge continental success.

Alan Jones

Rare Stillie No. 1: Before Jason there was *The Violator* (1974)



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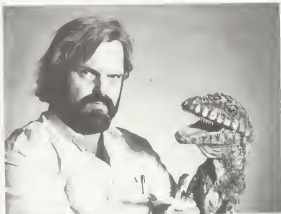
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SHAKE & QUAKE NEWS

CARNOSAUR GORE

As I'm sure Adam Simon's **Carnosaur** will be covered at length in *Starburst*, and by John Brosnan in particular, let me beat them to it and reveal what special effects supervisor John Buechler had to say about the Concorde movie expected to steal some of *Jurassic Park*'s thunder. "It's Roger Corman's biggest production ever and he's put his heart and soul into it. He knows Steven Spielberg has to contractually deliver a PG-13 rated movie to Universal in America and is making sure **Carnosaur** will go for the gut and deliver the blood and gore *Jurassic* can't even though Michael Crichton's book was quite violent. We've created numerous gore effects for an NC-17 version too. Roger knows he's got to spend money in this day and age to take on the majors and not be laughed



Above:FX man John Buechler with a **Carnosaur** star; Left: The giant **Carnosaur**

who just happens to be a *Jurassic Park* star



off the screen. I've been given more money for **Carnosaur** than the last 25 movies I've been involved with. I've made a Meen foot T Rex, numerous other animatronic figures, and we've shot them all with forced perspectives. Every once in a while he produces a diamond in the rough like *Battle Beyond the Stars* and I think this will be his crossover hit for the Nineties." In a clever move from brilliant showman Corman, Dore Ladd stars as **Carnosaur**'s genetic dinosaur engineer Dr Tiptoe. Ladd, of course, is Laura Dem's mother

CREATURES THE MOVIE WORLD FORGOT

Don't expect *Shivers* to go overboard on the dinosaur trend. We'll leave that to *Fango* and *Starburst* specials. But before we all get heartily sick of extinct creatures, here's a complete list of what's heading your way in the dino department. Already mentioned in this column is *Dinosaur Island* which director Jim Wynorski says, "is a very *Fifties* kind of picture, like *The Lost Continent*, except we're going to have better dinosaurs and more girls." **Super Mario Brothers** features the

MORE DELLAMORTE

Michelle Soavi's *Dylan Dog* zombie fantasy **Dellamorte Dellamore** begins filming June 21st starring Rupert Everett as the tida graveyard keeper. The final third of the \$3 million budget was raised from director Costa Gavras's French production company. Soavi is also writing a *Nikita*-type thriller for Sergio Martino called *Blue Chameleon*. He shares a co-writing credit with Stefano Sudino whose Italian success *Da Grande* was the basis for the huge American hit *Big* starring Tom Hanks. He didn't see any money from that though, director Franco Amari (Susan Sarandon's ex) got it instead and a Hollywood development deal too.

Goombas, men evolved from dinosaurs, who live in Dinohattan, Dinoyark. *Prathyetaria* follows the misadventures of a group of pet-sized dinosaurs and is released directly to video stores to tie in with the release of *Jurassic Park We're Back* as Amblin's time travel cartoon fantasy in the *Gertie the Dinosaur* tradition. Jonathan Betuel's *T. Rex* concerns a dinosaur with a human brain who wants to become a detective. Rick Baker will handle the effects. James Gurney's best-selling book *Dinotopia* has been optioned by Sony Pictures. A four-hour miniseries based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novels *The Lost World* and *Return to the Lost World* is aimed Stateside later this year. Meanwhile, John Landis is preparing a big screen *Lost World* to star Steven Connery as Professor Challenger. Dinosaur, courtesy of Jim Henson's Creature Shop, also feature in *The Flintstones* starring John Goodman and Rick Moranis. Joe Dante has tried for years to get *Dinosaur Attack!* into production. Titan Books publish the next Stephen Jones book, *The Illustrated Dinosaur Movie Guide*, before other previously announced titles in June. And don't forget next Summer's mega-budget *Godzilla*.

WHAT A MOUTHFUL
The incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed Up Zombies was difficult enough. But



What's up Hercules?

get a load of this title from director James Roffel — *Night of the Day of the Dawn of the Son of the Bride of the Return of the Revenge of the Terror of the Attack of the Evil, Mutant, Hellbound, Zombified, Flesh-Eating, Sub-Humanoid Living Dead Part 4!* I swear it isn't a joke. D Adam Young, Mark Miller, Katie Mason, Boogaloo and Lisa Santoro star in this cheapo horror movie.

HERCULES RETURNS

Take a 1964 Italian muscle-man movie, have a successful Australian comedy team rewrite the atrocious dubbing a la Woody Allen's *What's Up Tiger Lily?*, add 18 minutes of extra footage showcasing a few cult actors (David Argue from *Razorback*) and you too could have a Sundance Film Festival hit like *Hercules Returns*. Melbourne-based comics Des Mangan and Sally Paterson, aka Double

Take, appeared at London's Scala Cinema with their live re-wamping of *Astro Zombies* and *Hercules, Samson, Maciste and Ursus are Invincible*. Now they've adapted the latter Giorgio Caporin directed disaster, with its cardboard sets and cheap spectacle, into one of the funniest romps ever. See Zeus perform at the Parthenon nightclub! See Ursus as a bouncer! See Machismo the homosexual! And see the lovely Labia date Testbuck! Metro Tartan will release this spoof sand and scandal epic later in the year.

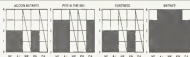
FANTA 3

Lamberto Bava's fairy-tale miniseries continues. Regular readers will remember a recent story on *Fantaghirio 2* being the most eagerly anticipated programme last Christmas in Italy. Well, it got bigger ratings than the first instalment and Bava is currently hard at work on Part 3 once more written by the timeless Gianni Romoli. The six hours in total entertainment has been sold to major networks both here and in America under the title *The Cave of the Golden Rose* and has made superstars of Alessandrina Martini (one time girlfriend of Urbano Barberini) and Kim Rossi Stuart (son of Sexies horror staple Giacomo Rossi Stuart). Bava won't be losing the fairy-tale tag for a while either. After *Fantaghirio 3* he directs another Romoli fable titled *The Dragon's Ring*. And there's another Bava to add to

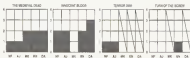


What the critics think, rated out of 4

	N F	A J	M K	K N	D A
ACCION MUTANTE (Dr. Alex de la Iglesia)	2	2		2	
FIRE IN THE SKY (Robert Lieberman)	3	3			3
FORTRESS (Stuart Gordon)	2	2		2	
MATINEE (Joe Dante)	3	4	4	4	3
THE MEDIEVAL DEAD (Sam Raimi)	1	1	2	2	2
INNOCENT BLOOD (John Landis)	2	2	0	2	3
TERROR 2000 (Christopher Schlingensiefel)	1	1			
TURN OF THE SCREW (Rusty Lemmon)	0	0		1	



Special thanks: *Misadventures in the Absolut Zone*; *Close Encounters of the Seaweed Kind*; *Call by July 2011*; *Plus This is Making a Wave*; *A MANT/DeManture for Filmers member: Jani*



Save the Shrim and the Fair City; *La Vampirole Morte*; *New Man Hammer: Plus This is Making a Wave*; *Daughter of the Innocents*

Regular: C. Lee, N. F., Nigel Phipps (Time Out), A. J., Alan Jones (Screen), M. K., Mark Kermode (Fangoria), K. N., Kim Newman (Scream 2), David Cline, David Adridge (Film Review)

the list. His son Fabrizio will make his feature directing debut soon after being his father's assistant director on both *Fantaghirio*. He'll use the name Roy Bave.

MARTINO UPDATE

Mark Ashworth mentioned a new Martino movie — *Delitti Privati/Privata Crimine* — in his recent *Exotic* Me retrospective. Now he's seen it and here's his review: "Following the success of *Coraggio Di Anna*, Edoardo Fenech returns to the mini-series format with this stylish four part murder mystery for RAI Uno. Directed by Martino, and termed a 'comedy giallo', it's actually closer to *Twain Peaks* Italian-style, managing to cram prostitution and the paranormal into a complicated plot. Despite embarrassingly obvious visual plugs for Nescafe and Finishes Gourmet Catfood, it's slickly suspenseful and often very moving. Fenech is excellent as a journalist whose daughter (Vittoria Belvedere) is killed after witnessing the murder of an aristocratic industrialist. Solid dramatic support is lent by veterans Aldo Vali, Gabriele Ferzetti, Anne Girardot and Ray Lovelock with additional glamour provided by Gudrun Landgrebe and Cinzia di Ponti. The murderer's identity comes as a real surprise, and Natale Massara — Pino Donaggio's regular conductor — contributes a beautiful sub-Bach lament score, complete with two songs by Milva. A sequel is planned."

CORN II: THE DIRECTOR'S CUT

Director David F. Price has asked me to pass on this information. The *Children of the Corn II: The Final Sacrifice* released in Britain wasn't the same as the US cut. Miramax added a computer graphic special effects sequence to the American version in which actor Ryan Bollman disappeared into a fiery pit and descended to Hell while his face got eaten away. Apparently this move was made more to beef up the trailer than anything else! With *Ghost Train* on hold, Price's next movie looks like being *Dr. Jeckyll & Ms. Hyde*, a comedy version of the horror classic. *Leprechaun*, which Price executive produced, opened to the worst reviews earlier this year. But because



Above: Promotional artwork for Stuart Gordon's *Faust*

Saturday Night Live even did a skit on how bad it was, it became a box-office success enough to warrant a sequel. Whether Mark Jones will return to direct *Leprechaun II* is another matter. He wants star Warwick Davis for another horror franchise idea which he's not letting Trimark Pictures, or Shivers, know anything about at this stage. First Independent release *Leprechaun* in September.

OTHER ITALIAN BITS AND PIECES

The *Sect/Trauma* cinematographer, Raffaele Montes, is lighting the epic maxi-series *The Bible*. Some famous name directors are set to helm each episode. *Psychopathic* is a new movie from Flavio Moghanni and the writer of *House*. 4. Nastassja Kinski fans should watch out for her latest, *La Bionda/The Blonde*. Sergio Rubini's soft-core crime drama isn't that great but Kinski looks fantastic. Aldo Lido is directing two movies under his George B. Lewis pseudonym, *Circle of Fear* and *Dark Friday*. Mario Garruccio uses his Roy Garrett nom-de-plume for *Love Web*. Tutti Uomini di *Sara/Sara's Men* is one for giallo fanatics. Produced and directed by Roberto Sessa, it stars

Nancy Bell as a bride stalked by a maniac who knows every detail of her life. David Warwick plays the vampire head of a Rome supermodel agency in his next opus. As usual though, he can't remember who the director is! As promised, the identity of the Italian director behind *Navigator*, *The Return*, now retitled *Navigators of Space*, is Camillo Teti.

BITS AND PIECES

With *Judgement Night* set for a Stateside Summer release, Welsh born *Predator 2* director Stephen Hopkins must choose between Britain or Australia as the setting for his next fantasy, *Event Horizon*, which he calls "A cross between Stephen King and 2001". Shock comeback of the year is from Jeff Lieberman cult director of *Squirm*, *Blue Sunshine*. *Just Before Dawn* and *Remote Control*. Incredibly, he's the scripter of *The NeverEnding Story III*. Stephen Herik, the director of *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* will make the big budget horror fantasy *Bat Out Of Hell*. After *The Temp*, Tom Holland's truly dreadful 'Substitute Secretary From Hell' comic horror, the *Fright Night* director turns his attention to a

Day of the Triffide remake. Martin Landau plays Bela Lugosi in Tim Burton's *Ed Wood* biopic. Those who've read the script say Lugosi is painted as the foulest-mouthed actor ever, constantly swigging down formaldehyde which the sad star was addicted to in real life. Burton's wife Lisa Marie will play Vampira and Christian Slater, Bill Murray and Jeffrey Jones also appear in Burton's black and white opus. *Threshold* is the new movie from *Death Warmed Up* director David Blyth. Michelle Pfeiffer and James Spader join Jack Nicholson for Mike Nichols's *Wolf*. Rick Baker handles the special effects. Stuart Gordon's *Faust* has just been announced and so has a sequel to his European blockbuster *Fortress*. *Candyman II* will be shot in London and mainly on Underground station locations. None of the characters from the first will reappear in this adaptation of the Barker short story *The Midnight Meat Train*. *Death Line* anyone!

Was Craven's *New Nightmare on Elm Street* is the full title of guess what? This is *Spinal Tap*'s Christopher Guest directs the Daryl Hannah remake of *Attack of the 50 Ft Woman*. I wonder if he'll manage to find a cameo spot for wife Jemie Lee Curtis? *Ultimate Fantasy*, *Ultimate Murder* is promised by director Kevin Elders in *Room 502* with special effects by Marko Rochetti (who?). And the same helmer also promises 'A Terror that waited 4000 years for one moment in time' in *Street*. A big budget *Ultraman* is heading to the screen. How many train-spotters have recognised TV's new Dr Finlay, David Rintoul, as the title monster in Tyburn's 1974 dinker *Legend of the Werewolf*? 'Buried in the sands of the past lies the gate to the future' according to Carolco's *Stargate* starring Kurt Russell and James Spader directed by Roland (Universal *Soldier*) Emmerich. George Paviou's *Little Devils*, about mud having life-giving properties, now bears the subtitle *The Birth*. Michael Madsen and Helen Slater are the stars of *A Helen in the Hills* from Ken (Shock Waves) Wiederhorn. The belated sequel to *When A Stranger Calls*, titled



Left: FX artist Bob McCarron at work; Right: Neighbours star Ian Smith as Dr. Camera

Shivers interview by Michael Heims

Meet the special effects Wizard of Oz in our second look at the eagerly awaited Australian grue-fest *Body Melt*. Plus the first mention of Penal Colony...

Customarily clad in pristine white overalls, FX-man Bob McCarron cuts a sharp figure around most sets. You've seen his work in *Midnight Max 2 & 3*, *Turkey Shoot*, *Dark Age*, *Razorback*, *Salute of the Jugger* and *Howling 3*, which he also associate produced, and now in *Body Melt*, the most lunched person to urban dementia you could ever expect to see. McCarron has often been engaged in figuring out how to cut, dismember, dismember, explode, slime, scar, melt, mutate or simply make-up any particular live or inanimate object for presentation before the nearest camera. *Body Melt*,

a serious attempt to produce a film that might be written in slime when recorded in the annals of cinematic history, has allowed him to add mucous marshaling, puke preparation, penis-popping and slime sluicing to his repertoire.

"Everything I do in this film is like horror mag front cover material," says McCarron, proudly surveying some of his team's prosthetic handwork before it runs off to meet a manipulator. "Being called *Body Melt*, most people do melt. But they do so from within. So far we've gone through three 40 gallon drums of phlegm. This pours out of their ears, nose and mouth. We

have one guy that ends up with a constant stream from his nose. We've got a prosthetic nose for him that is connected to tubes allowing us to simply let the mucous run free. Needless to say, he ends up dying underneath it all."

Twelve weeks of *Body Melt* pre-production permitted McCarron the luxury to thoroughly engineer all the brainsnapping effects called for by director and mega-media-maree Phil Proby, many of which were rendered low-tech by the budget. To that end, most are covered in thick layers of ultra-slime. And truly amazing is a gravity defying shot shot in a basin. "It was something we talked about each day," continues McCarron, in between bouts of laughter. "What Phil wanted was to have this phlegm fall into a sink and then slide up the wall. The most ideal way was to have a sink unit made of plastic and then put a magnet inside the fake piece of phlegm - a piece of clear Silastic with slime on top. That worked really well when we tested it, you could make it go anywhere. The only trouble was that the budget couldn't be made to cover the cost of the sink. It came down to a very basic thing of having a piece of fishing line on a wad of foam covered in slime and Silastic which keeps the whole attached to the sink. That worked, but it was only able to travel in certain directions."

Asked to elaborate about fur-

Right: A painful rib extraction
Body Melt style

Over *Body Melt* FX, McCarron immediately begins to describe the fate of a character played by Lisa McCune, an effect that called for him to get down on all fours to breathe life into a particular human body part. "We've got a stomach and chest of a woman who is six months pregnant. That's quite beautiful, the look of that with her stomach ripping wide open and her live placenta actually coming out and attacking somebody face-hugger style. The umbilical cord flops out and wraps itself around her husband's face while it's pulsating and eventually works its way into his mouth."

As expected, working with all that slime can get more than slightly awkward. Brett Cimo, an *Outback Vampires* veteran, plays the fateful husband who is made to swim a virtual ocean of noxious secretions. McCarron picks up his story: "He ends up in a police station with his face puffing up and down while simultaneously covering anything that moves with vomit. When we got



him to swallow the placenta, we had three different ones each smaller than the next. The first hits him in the face and wraps the umbilical cord around his

neck. The next stage has the placenta working its way into his mouth. The third stage has the placenta right inside his mouth. Here he's got a foam latex

placenta in his mouth that's just been covered in slime, which is water soluble, but mixed up with egg whites, maple syrup, cochineal and bits of strawberry jam. It would be like eating the sweetest dessert ever! Brett was very good. We had the placenta in and out of his mouth for hours

The fateful husband made to swim a virtual ocean of noxious secretions

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on end. Later, when we finally killed him, we used heavy contact lenses, tubes up his back and put him in make-up for six hours."

He adds, "At one stage, we had Robert Simper (playing Ryan) on a car bonnet with tentacles coming out of his mouth. These tentacles were made of foam and then dipped in maple syrup and ultra-slime. We're talking really slimy. Ultra-slime is something you can't get rid of. You can't even wash your hands properly — it just stays there! It's like touching a garden slug. Then I suggested that it could look nice with those tentacles going up his nose. Robert agreed, so then he had to spend time with ultra-slime up his nose as well."

Despite the constant fortitude testing conditions, the cast remained continually cool when put in close contact with the slime of **Body Melt**. McCarron relates, "We had no trouble at all with the actors. They took it as fun and looked on it as a good experience. Most of them had never worked on such a film before. They all had a good time right down to the young kid playing the roller-blader who gets his face sheered off on a skateboard ramp, which we filmed in darkness and in rain. Jillian Murray (playing Angelica Noble) did have a bit of a problem with the scene where her tongue expands. But I guess putting something soft, wet and squelchy in your mouth does affect your willpower not to throw up."

Mention of the tongue effect elicits a response that adds a new spin on the phrase "putting yourself into your work", and also highlights the type of personal co-operation sometimes required between cast and crew. "The tongues themselves were foam latex. I sculpted several but the very first one is my own. I simply mixed some alginate, poured it into a cup, stuck my tongue out and put it in. We made five tongues for the expansion scene. Jillian first got my copy and went through all the bigger versions until finishing off with one about 18 inches long." Compared to **Braindead**,



Body Melt is a great step forward for the Australian Film Industry

which McCarron worked on, **Body Melt** is a lot sharper. He continues, "It's not as crazy or over the top but it certainly has funny parts. Generally though, it's far more serious in tone and we kill about a dozen folk in it. There's quite a few gut-wrenching moments even though they're done on the cheaper side. We've kept away from films like **Reanim8tor**, and even

Braindead, because we've gone for more realism in a sense, the heavy **Exorcist** pea-green type. I think audiences will have their stomachs churned but they won't laugh as much as they did in **Braindead**. Anything to do with bodily fluids though, and especially that flowing from the region of the nasal passage puts most people off."

In general, the making of

Body Melt is a great step forward for the Australian Film Industry according to McCarron. "Whether it was financed by the government or not, it will be a good seller worldwide and should quickly recoup its production cost. It also shows the global industry, whether they like horror/black comedy or not, that these sort of films can be made here and that there is the expertise. Hopefully then, **Body Melt** will also spark interest from international producers." In fact, it already seems to have, as McCarron is currently working on the new Gale Anne Hurd production **Penal Colony**. He says, "It's a grade A, \$26 million film. The technology is identical to that used in **Body Melt** but there's more money to be spent on the FX and they're being done in a more precise way. Put a fake nose on someone in **Body Melt** and you'll probably end up disguising it with slime, blood or phlegm. In **Penal Colony**, the prosthetic will have to look 100% real. There's also a couple of head removals, plus lots of wounds and scars. Some characters are wearing heavy prosthetics and there's the stunt side of things to contend with too. It's about an island that catches for the most violent prisoners from around the world who misbehave to the worst degree and end up doing battle. Our hero is wrongly sent there and ends up in the middle of this war."



Above: The gore gets piled on! Right: Neil Foley is Bab, Vince Gil is Pud and Maurice Annesse is Gino

Another reason for praising **Dracula** of course, was that for a brief winter's moment it seemed to dislodge the pro-censor lobby. Turing into vacuous vor-pop/Kluge's annual horror expose, it was strangely relieving to see a gaggle of Anne-Rice-reading sad-cases arguing their right to be vampires with Satan-hurling lunatic and tweedy self-published Sean Manchester — much to the amusement of an excellent and exasperated Kim Newman looking on. Scrambling for scandal amidst current news trends, was this the only seal of disapproval daytime TV could award?

The activities of prohibitionists over subsequent months deserve some kind of applause therefore, as with truly tempting opportunism a queer equation was thrown together to once more prove the obscene impact of violent entertainment on society at large.

Coppola's funky fancy-dress epic had spawned debate of a harmlessly cartoonish nature. A startling succession of feel-bad films, from **Reservoir Dogs** to **Romper Stomper**, had proved too state-of-the-art-house to engage much popular discussion. Loopy lone voices as ever sent column inches by peddling madly censorious propaganda, but complaints were just too scattershot to have any real impact. Former Thatcher press secretary Bernard Ingham declared Anthony Hopkins's OBE an outrageous honouring of movie sadism. Execrable Golden Turkey investigator Michael Medved — surely the Sean Manchester of California? — caused a splash by badly writing *Hollywood Vs America*, a book that failed to recognize film's feeding of the American Dream by blaming the West Coast movie machine for the corruption of a once-great nation. Central's Viewpoint 93 got accused of making serial killers celebrities by training a Denis Nielsen interview. Red Hot Dutch was half-heartedly pitched as the latest assault from Europe, and computer games replaced Satanists and pe-bulls as top of this year's lists of

HELL SCREEN

Shivers opinion by David Prothero

The Moral Dangers of Darkness

threats to kids. Then, an awful event, a Liverpool toddler is violently killed at the alleged hands of two pre-teen boys.

Bored with the **Home Alone** stories of the holiday period, juvenile lawlessness had already become a hyped theme in the post-Xmas press. Infanticide so emotive an outrage, hysteria now reached fever pitch. Shamefully exploiting the feelings unleashed, panic-mongers saw their chance and quickly collapsed the case to include issues of visual violence — though such was never an element in the Liverpool tragedy. In an angry blur, the moral pundits produced all kinds of irrelevances to prove the link with screen sickness. James Ferman's shock at discovering adults renting 18-rated movies for their kids was somehow evidence enough. The BBC moving *Casualty*'s youth-rated episode across the watershed likewise. Hopkins second-thinking a **Silence** sequel because star-struck minors thought it was fun on numerous viewings, the same. As Cabinet Ministers predictably signed on the censor's dotty dotted line,

suddenly, with a beggary more atrociously all-encompassing than anything seen during the perestroika Video Nasties debate, everything was guilty. **Man Bites Dog** was in the same sick dock as *Grange Hill*. Super Meno was a corrupting force. Like those seen baying for blood outside the homes of the Mersey-side suspects, by abusing a family's suffering, the prohibitionists had accomplished their grubby mission.

A sassy, spectacular medium with a uniquely youthful and immediate energy — not a little threatening to some, the movies/minors equation has indeed been exploited by doom-mongers any which way that works since cinema's earliest days. With old England dying on European battlefields, in 1917 the National Council for Public Morals debated cinema's ability to cause copy-cat crime amongst juveniles. They also discussed cinema's effect on children's eyesight, the moral dangers of darkness and how dimly lit theatres could become the playground of child-abusers. Bemoaning the upsurge of exploitation films in 1957 (a

vintage Hammer year?), BBFC director James Nichols found it more convenient to slur the X-certs, not by discussing their impact on children, but rather by accusing their content and attitude of being childish. 'Rape of our children's minds' screamed the *Daily Mail* in 1983 leading the campaign for video legislation. Now tape was a film-form that smuggled perversion into the front room to twist our off-spring though, conveniently, accusations couldn't be proved until the pre-Video Recordings Act kids had grown into adult killers. In 1990, Ferman was still predicting the Nasties biblebom to blow in the coming decade. Yet surprise, surprise, the violent 1993 upswing is not blamed on sick twentysomethings but on children once more.

It goes without saying that society owes a duty to its vulnerable and disenfranchised members. But the opportunist use of children to railroad an assault on viewing freedoms is just a ruse to replace reason with knee-jerk bluster for ultra-right ends. The concerned don't care that one minute kids are presented as imposts who must be protected, the next little monsters who must be schooled by responsible parents into moral citizens. That one minute movies are an interfering adult influence, the next undesirably infantile. In *Shivers*' first issue I discussed the dangers on offer from a censorship lobby eager to encourage horror fans their childish tastes were to be distasteful. This year an

enthusiastic schoolboy response to *Hustler* Lecter is enough to convince Hopkins never to play the chancier again.

Palming social ills off on violent entertainment is a wilful misrecognition of causes that's perhaps the seed for real future problems. You owe it to your family and nation to keep on with exploration. And see **Bad Lieutenant** again tonight!

Palming social ills off on violent entertainment is a wilful misrecognition of causes



Left: **Romper Stomper** still causing trouble around the country

BLOOD AND BLACK BRI-NYLON

Shivers retrospective by Mark Ashworth

Katia: "Look at that table will you! I wonder if they'll let me do my high-kick speciality on it?"

Lukas: "I doubt it."

Katia: "Why not? It's artistic..."

Maria

Giovannini and

Alfredo Rizzo in

Playgirls and the Vampire

If those notoriously unreliable Italian production catalogues are to be believed, Renato Polselli began his directorial career with *L'Ultimo Perdono* in 1951. He continued the following year with *Delitto Al Luna Park* but secured himself a place in Italian horror history in 1960 when he initiated a series of black and white vampire quakes. Whilst Mario Bava and Riccardo Freda explored the psycho-sexual recesses of Gothic fantasy with astonishing degrees of stylish complexity, Polselli and his like-minded cohorts went straight for the box-office jugular via the local strip joint and unleashed



the 'Chorus Girl/Vampire Slut' cycle on a horror-hungry public

A gaggle of well-upholstered cabaret 'shake & shimmy' merchants

Best known under its American title *The Vampire and the Ballerina*, *L'Amante Del Vampiro/The Vampire's Lover* (1960) looks like a blueprint for Hammer's *Lust for a Vampire* a decade later. Although not dressed in period costume, it does use an all-tembo boarding school setting, allowing Polselli to flirt — extremely coyly — with the usual Sapphic subtext. The girls are supposedly studying ballet, but apparently the budget could only stretch to two classically trained starlets, and the student quota is fleshed out (literally!) with a gaggle of well-upholstered cabaret 'shake & shimmy' merchants. Predictably, this leads to plenty of footage being devoted to the faintest stocking-clad ladies strutting their stuff to cheesy jazz/lamelo accompaniment. Things improve once the action moves into the surrounding forest and nearby 'Castle of the Damned'.



Above: Slaughter of the Vampires! Left: The Vampire and the Ballerina



This sensual image of one vampire feeding off another would later reappear in *Near Dark*

This is the last of the vampire Countess Aida (Mara Luisa Rolando), first seen descending a crumbling staircase (Bela Lugosi style — an impression reinforced by her opening dialogue "Good evening, I bid you welcome"). Her butler, series regular Walter Brandi, periodically turns into a lumpen-faced monster to launch crazed blood-sucking raids on the local farmgirls. A pair of busty ballerinas (Helene Remy & Tina Gloriani) fall into the clutches of the undead duo, giving the scriptwriters — including workaholic Ernesto Gastaldi — the opportunity to inflate their slim storyline with a grab-bag of stock situations until the climactic staking and decomposition.

Described in a 1971 *L'Espresso* Fantastique "Vampire Special" as "A curious little film", *The Vampire's Lover* does harbour a couple of genuinely interesting concepts behind its low-rent façade. Most notable is the eroti-

cally-loaded relationship between the Countess and her servant, recalling the similar Greta Holden/living Pichel one in *Dracula's Daughter* (1936). Polseffi develops it a stage further by having Brandi provide a quick haemoglobin fix for his lugubrious mistress. This disturbing, yet compelling, sensual image of one vampire feeding off another would later reappear in *Near Dark* (1987) and is a neat twist on the pervasive feudal overtones of Terence Fisher's Hammer *Dracula* work. There is also the chilling touch of showing Brandi stake one of his own victims through the heart so as to prevent competition from other vampires for the precious plasma resources.

Otherwise the movie's primary assets are strictly visual, luckily

Above: Vampires a Go Go in *The Playgirls and the Vampire*; **Right:** An original poster

compensating for the amateurish acting from most of the cast. Atmospherically lit by Angelo Bastocchi, it opens with a slow pan across a misty landscape before plunging into an eerie attack on a voluptuous village maiden. Polseffi tempers his exploitive leanings and scattered direction with quotes from the early classics. *Nosferatu* shadows, *Vampyr* coffin-lid window point-of-view shots, *La Belle et la Bête* human arm torch scenes. Sadly, such effective moments as a vampire's sudden appearance from a baroque, skull-topped tomb do not sit comfortably beside scenes showcasing talentless ingenues in skimpy nylon nighties. Polseffi's follow-up attempt, eventually screened as *Il Mostro Dell'Opera/The Monster of the Opera* (1964), would also suffer from this uneven tone. But in the meantime one of the Italian industry's most shameless figures was about to take the format deeper into the exploitation underground.

If Hanson Marks had tried his hand at horror, something like *L'Ultima Preda Del Vampiro/The Last Prey of the Vampire* (1960) would surely have been the result. Helmed



starring
HELENE REMY with MARA LUISA ROLANDO • WALTER BRANDI
TINA DI ORFANI • ISARCO BARRAZZI • JOHN TURNER
Screenplay by RENATO POLSEFFI • GUSTAFPE
PELLICORINI • GUSTAFPE CASTALDI • Directed by RENATO
POLSEFFI • A C.I.F. Consorzio Italiana Film



by terminal hack Piero Regnoli, it resembles a functionally photographed stag film padded with plot elements from William Cameron Menzies's *The Maze* (1963). Audiences are served a double Brandi as distinguished Walter returns in a dual rôle, an ancient vampire count and his modern-day descendant, desperately seeking a cure for his family's cursed bloodline. After doing a runner from their hotel, five curvaceous showgirls arrive at the ancestral castle, enabling Regnoli to incorporate ideas resurrected by *The Mummy* (1959) and the late Fifties craze for reincarnation into his typically third-rate script.

The tantalizing glimpses of nudity served up for our delectation, however, ensure the end product is much closer in spirit to 'Bump & Grind' burlesque than Binde Murphy's Leading lady Vera (Lyla Rocca) is the living image of the vampire's long-dead lover and he plans to induct her into the realm of the undead. Recently recruited Kata (Mara Giovanna) who has gone from delightfully dim dancer to naked bloodsucking

slut, jealously objects and—in a nod to *The Vampire's Lover*—is impaled through the chest by her baleful mentor. The monster's final disintegration, a blatant lift from Hammer's unsurpassed *Dracula* (1958), is represented by a series of unimpressive dissolves and a tatty ghost train skeleton

Peppered with inane dialogue exchanges about cups of tea and crumpets, the most widely distributed version comes courtesy of schlockmeister Richard (Tower of Evil) Gordon under the catchy title *The Playgirls and the Vampire*. Released in Britain in an inevitably shortened version (as support to

A Rimmel-eyed vampire rises from his concealed coffin to suck the heroine's blood

Victor Trivas's monumentally weird *Gie Nackte Und Der Satan/The Head* (1959)), David McGillivray says the print was virtually incomprehensible and, given its audaciously sexy imagery, perhaps it's easy to understand why. A perusal of Regnoli's long CV, including screenplays for Freda's *Vampire/Lust of the Vampire* (1956) and Andrea Bianchi's gory *Le Notti Del Terrore/The Nights of Terror* (1980), shows that he's never been backward at coming forwards in the exploitation stakes. Although it was Giorgio Ferroni's *Il Mulino Delle Donne Di Pietra/Drops of Blood* which introduced a discreet nipple into the Italian horror film the same year, the sight of monochrome blood streaming down a shapely pair of female legs must have caused a massive stir. One of the siller sequences has the girls rehearsing a tacky dance routine to cheer themselves up. Requesting a blues tune from the girly pianist, comely Enka di Centa performs a saucy striptease—hastily curtailed in the Gordon-prepared TV edition retitled *Curse of the Vampire*.

Not as visually arresting as its predecessor, it's an enjoyable effort. Brandi never looked sexier or slimmer and Alfredo Rizzo, who directed some interesting erotica in the Seventies, turns in one of his best performances as the dance troupe's boozah manager. Some sources credit Ugo Brunelli as cinematographer, but Aldo Gredi's name is on most prints. Regnoli continued his



Before

"DO-IT-YOURSELF" WEREWOLF KIT

NOTE: USE AT YOUR OWN RISK!



After

CONTENTS OF KIT:

1. Phial of Werewolf Potion
2. Directions: "To Become A Werewolf"
3. Wolf Fur
4. Tube of Witches' Tears

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE PRODUCERS OF
"WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS' DORMITORY"
 (THE GHOUL IN SCHOOL)

Above: The Slaughter of the Vampires continues; Right: A free gift from the Sixties

career with *Pepla* and *Decameron* spin-offs. But since the early Seventies has devoted himself to writing and he recently co-authored Sergio Martino's *Spiando Marina/Smile of the Fox*, available here on video as *Foxy Lady*.

Polselli returned to this unofficial series with *Il Vampiro Dell'Opera* (1961) but this remained unfinished for three years and Roberto Mauri delivered the next complete instalment. *La Strage Dei Vampiri/Slaughter of the Vampires* (1962) differs from previous entries by featuring neither chorus girls nor man-made fibre undies.

A period piece set in an Austrian castle, it belongs to the cycle by dint of key personnel; Brandi and Rizzo plus Graziella Granata's frantically heaving bosoms. Weakly evocative of 19th Century Gothic literature, the embalmed plot cranks into gear when a Rimmel-eyed vampire rises from his concealed coffin to suck the heroine's blood during a house-warming party.

Released in Britain in 1967 with Mel Welles's (Ernst von Thueymer) *La Isla de la Muerte/Bloodsuckers* (1966), it pre-empted Hammer's *Dracula has Risen from the Grave* (1968) and *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (1969) by showing the victims' evident sexual pleasure at the vampire's bite. Other than this decidedly minor triumph, only some attractive photography and effective use of high camera angles commend it. A tracking shot through a garden at night establishes a poetically creepy mood, only to be shattered by abysmally dubbed dialogue like "This black night makes me fear you". Mauri also helmed the Camille (*I Spit on Your Grave*) Keaton starrer *Madeleine, Anatomia di un Incubo*. His best film is the hilariously kitsch *Le Porno Killers*.

Polselli finally finished *Il Vampiro Dell'Opera* in 1964 and, after a quick *The Monster of the Opera* retitling, rounded off the quartet with its most interesting offering. Despite ramshackle technique and feeble attempts at comedy, it contains several scenes of undeniable power. Obviously inspired



by Leroux's 'Phantom' but re-sembling a sexy re-rendering of a Thirties backstage picture, it takes place almost entirely within the confines of an abandoned theatre. The prop-strewn cellar houses ravenous vampire Stefano (Giuseppe Addobbati) who falls in love with a dance troupe star (Victoria Prada) rehearsing upstairs in the cavernous auditorium. In the most impressively nightmarish scene, she is tortured with a pitchfork before being attacked by a whole bevy of chained, writhing vamp sluts in Addobbati's underground lair. Short of story ideas the director dusts off the reincarnation chestnut one more time before the vampire is reduced to a chalky skeleton.

Understandably Polselli only pays perfunctory attention to the half-baked scenario, preferring to concentrate on the visualization of the more sexually

aggressive components. As a result, his evocation of the sensual aspects of the vampire's existence is very persuasive even when compared to more carefully mounted productions as *Brides of Dracula* (1960). The quieter passages display a surprisingly sensitive feel for the creation of Gothic mood, — pity then that his admittedly muddled sensibilities have been constantly shackled to micro-budget limitations. Thankfully *The Monster of the Opera*'s irritating lapses into slapdash amateurism are redeemed by occasional bursts of truly bizarre campiness. One surreal segment has practically the entire cast performing a ridiculous 'orgiastic' dance whilst under the vampire's hypnotic control. To the accompaniment of a cringingly ritzy big band number, which strikes up from *absolutely nowhere*, everyone

go-gos frenetically as Polselli randomly slings in close-ups of Addobbati's wildly staring eyes! Other great moments occur when the camerawork achieves a crudely voyeuristic quality which combines with the art direction and Aldo Piga's spooky score — used extensively throughout the whole cycle — to create an uneasy sense of claustrophobia, especially in the vampire's smoke-filled dungeon. Walter Brandi and Alfredo Rizzo are conspicuous by their absence but Addobbati, who went on to star in *Amanti D'Oltretombe/Nightmare Castle* (1965) and *Operazione Paura/Kill Baby Kill* (1966), gives an aptly full-blooded performance. Milena (*Blood for Dracula*) Vukotic makes an early appearance as a dancer.

Not part of the series but definitely spiritually allied to it is Richard Benson's (Paolo Huesch) girle werewolf outing *Lycanthropus* (1962). An Italian/Austrian co-venture, this fun-filled tale of 'The Ghoul in School' (the fab theme song!) was promoted as being filmed in 'Nervo-rama' — regular format black and white to you! Curt Lowens stars as the governor of a remote Borsari for problem strumpets, where the erotic tensions ride higher than a baby doll négligé, who sporadically transforms into a snarling wolf-man to put the wind up the wayward inmates. Distributed Stateside as *Werewolf in a Girl's Dormitory*, it did the UK rounds as *I Married a Werewolf* on a double bill with Gary (Body Stealers) Levy's *Where Has Poor Mickey Gone?* (1964).

Cinema history has not been over-kind to these underwear-orientated pictures. Most critics wrote them off as poorly made trash with nothing underneath. Polselli now specializes in dubbing American films into Italian and had a huge success in that area recently with *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*. But he's now equally dismissive about them and his vital part in the early annals of Italian horror. He's brushed off every attempt we've made to interview him. Fortunately, video technology has given a new generation of Euro-sleaze fans access to their dated charms. Frankly, no well-dressed horror collection should be without them!

Erotic tensions ride higher than a baby doll negligee

2 FIENDISH FEATURES IN A NEW HORROR SHOW! NERVO-RAMA



Above: A playgirl with the vampire; Right: Another original poster





Shivers set report by Alan Jones

Marking the directorial debut of Pierre David, the French Canadian producer who launched Cronenberg's early career with *The Brood*, *Scanners* and *Video Drama*, the first time helmer said, "It's not a sequel, it's a whole new concept, somewhere different to take the series. It represents a major upgrading in quality with better actors, a better story and more money. I hope this one will have a theatrical life." Although responsible for the recent hits *Internal Affairs* and *Deep Cover*, David's prime concern is keeping a steady line of cost-effective genre product flowing direct to world video markets via his Hollywood-based Image

"It's not a sequel, it's a whole new concept, somewhere different to take the series"

Organization company. *Dead Bolt*, *Martial Law*, *Dolly Dearest* and *Spontaneous Combustion* are only the tip of his iceberg of recognizable releases.

But two of the most profitable were suggested by a Swedish distributor who noted the growing *Scanners* cult and begged David to make a sequel. Hence the logic behind *Scanners II: The New Order*, then *Scanners III: The Takeover/Scanner Force* and now *Scanner Cop*. He continued, "I'd acquired the remake rights from Cronenberg many years ago and this year I bought back all the international rights to the original. Director Christian Duguay did a good job with both movies, but I thought it was time to get back to basics and *Scanner Cop* is the closest in the series to the Cronenberg original."

Written by George Sanders and John Bryant Hedberg, *Scanner Cop* was shot at Hollywood's RenMar Studios and on Los Angeles locations, including the derelict Queen of Angels Hospital, during February 1993. Daniel Quinn stars as new LAPD recruit Sam Sizak, adopted as a boy by police chief Hamigan after his *Scanner* father committed suicide. Although he takes the Scanning

suppressant Ephemeral to lead as normal life as possible, Sam decides to stop the medication when a rash of violent revenge attacks on cops are carried out by their arch-nemesis, Glock, and the force needs his mind-bending mental powers to help them nail the sadistic villain.

Relative newcomer Quinn, currently on view in the *Lady Boss* mini-series and *Motormama*, ac-

In 1980, the visceral mind of David Cronenberg unleashed the telepathic terrors of *Scanners*. A decade later came two sequels *The New Order* and *The Takeover*. Now the explosive series takes an even more commercial turn with *Scanner Cop*.

Opposite page: Glock's victim; **Above:** Glock traps Sam in Hell; **Below left:** Daniel Quinn as Scanner Cop; **Below right:** Glock meets a sticky end



Right: Hilary Shepard is Zena, Glock's sinister aide

cepted the lead rôle mainly because, "Unlike the other *Scanners* movies, Sam's the hero, and it gave me the chance to play vulnerable, fearful, crazy and lovable. No one's making loads of money on this show and we're busting our humps working 80-hour plus weeks. But we're all pulling together trying to make something magical happen. And that's been more fun than I was expecting." Already signed for a sequel, thanks to his formidable acting talent and dedication, Quinn added, "You're either a director or you're not. Pierre definitely has the gift and he's doing a good job because he's consulted with the newness of it all. I've always trusted my instincts. So it seems is Pierre. And both are paying off."

Other cast members include Richard (Army of Darkness) Grove, Carianne (Pet Sematary II) Fliegel and Bron (Blade Runner) James. But playing opposite the mighty Quinn is veteran movie villain Richard Lynch who describes Glock as "An eccentric Marlon type with a PhD! Taken down by a cop in the past, he's lost a piece of his head and had a metal plate implanted. Yet he's survived the damning trauma and is determined to play the police back." The actor you've loved to hate in *God Told Me To*, *The Sword and the Sorcerer* and *Cut and Run* remarked, "Every actor strikes a bargain with an audience in the first minute of any picture: 'Stay with me, I'm going to entertain you. I promise I'll deliver. Trust me to take you on a trip, to suspend your reality and make you forget all your problems.' *Scanner Cop* is a perfect example of this sheer entertainment ethic in practice. It's a classic Good vs Evil, larger than life, science-fiction melodrama with lots of twists and turns along the way. Pierre has been clever enough to choose a top-notch script for his debut, wise enough to surround himself with the right talent and sensible enough to listen to their advice." That titanium plate mentioned by Lynch makes his character impervious to Sam's psychic probing — a fact kept hidden by Glock so the troubled orphan can be trapped in his own pri-



"Directing was an ambition I've had for about three years and I was prepared to wait"

vate hell for daring to cross him. This Cronenberg-inspired fantasy sequence showcases grotesque hellbound mutations and bizarre sexual hallucinations courtesy of special effects supervisor/director John Buechler whose work has featured in *Freddy's Dead*, *Friday the 13th: Part VII, Troll* and *Ghoulies Go to College*. Buechler's seven-man team also constructed a giant insectoid creature, miniature faces that burst through an insane Scanner's forehead and, naturally, the obligatory head explosions. He explained the philosophy behind the gore in *Scanner Cop*: "The last three movies featured fantastic promo artwork which none actually depicted on screen! Well, this lives up to those expectations with outrageously expanding, graphic bulging veins because I've always wanted to see the original Michael (Ramsdale) poster done properly on screen."

One of the more spectacular head explosions meant actress Hilary Shepard (playing Zena, Glock's mystic sidekick) had to endure an arduous six hours in the make-up chair. Buechler noted, "Her appliance was state of the art. It had seven different expanding veins with eight separate bladder controls. Two of my team, Paul Salamoff and

Billy Zahn, researched and developed bigger non-leaking bladders and veins, with a better design aesthetic and more vents under the hairline as well as behind the ears. It's quite an inspiring piece of work." So too is the fully mechanical eleven foot high "Hellacious nightmare vision based on the worst aspects of bugdom everyone hates. This animatronic character has eighteen points of action and is used to frighten someone to death in a dream. Pierre's great directing ability comes from his producing background. He knows what technically can and cannot be done. That's why he's getting his exact vision on screen for the right amount of money."

That amount of money is roughly \$3 million, above average for a David production. But then, who wouldn't up the ante for their own feature debut if they had the resources? David remarked, "Directing was an ambition I've had for about three years and I was prepared to wait until the right project came along. I wanted to direct a film that was intelligent and I made *Scanner Cop* so I could add something personal to the *Scanners* mythology. From being a packager and executive producer, I've gradually gotten more involved in the film-making

process. I found myself increasingly making comments on scripts and giving casting suggestions until I suddenly found myself extremely involved on a daily basis. Then, when I was on the studio floor, I'd see something the director was doing and think, 'I'd do it differently, from that angle.' The urge to direct crept up on me really."

He isn't sure if he'll ever do it again though. The tight schedule, all-night shooting and very long hours have taken their toll. He mused, "Directing is what it is, taxing, exciting, exhausting and you must have your head in fifteen different places at the same time. In honesty, it's exactly what I was expecting and sometimes I like it, other times I hate it. This may be my one and only film as a director. After all, I do have a company to run. I don't know, I haven't made up my mind yet." Even if that's the case, David feels he's come full circle anyway as he explained, "Scanners was my first big international success in the English language and given the chance *Scanner Cop* could do just as well. I profited the development of *The New Order* from my story and script but I had less to do with *The Takeover*. *Scanner Cop* is my baby from start to finish and I'm thrilled with it. In fact, I spoke to Cronenberg only two days ago and told him, 'You're going to be proud of me when you see this.'"



MATINEE IDOL

Shivers interview by Giuseppe Salza

Shivers: *Matinee* is background is totally different from all your other films. Here you explore adolescent sexuality and juvenile reactions to the Cold War within a reflective universe of educational shorts, paranoia and mutated movie monsters.

Joe Dante: This was the period I grew up in, it's about the things I love. It's more a 'people' movie; there are special effects and things, but they're part of the movie within a movie. It's mainly about the essence of fear, how it grows within you. *Matinee* is set during an incredible weekend in 1962 and I remember it very well. I was living in New Jersey and thought the Cuban Missile Crisis signalled the end of the world. The Atom Bomb haunted me through my entire childhood, the thought that someone could actually use it! But only during that memorable period did I realize it could really be done in the next few hours. Of course, the world may blow apart while the *Matinee* kids are in a cinema watching fake horrors. I was the same age as those kids then. Today, I'm roughly the same age as Lawrence Woolsey, the showman character John Goodman plays, so you could say the picture is two times autobiographical.

S: Was *Matinee* your idea?
JD: No, it began with a pitch by a writer named Jenco Stone. His idea was more fantasy based and was set in a movie house with children entering the film and living it. And the monster was real. I saw something in the concept but nothing too special in his plot. This was a very difficult film to get financed and the more we shopped it around, the more reality-based it became. I started getting involved with *Matinee* during the making of *Gremlins 2* and we nearly made it about the Gulf War instead.

S: Are you the one who gets locked in the fail-out shelter in



"The picture is two times autobiographical"

If you love Jack Arnold's Fifties monster pics, William Castle's gimmick flicks and Roger Corman schlock, then Joe Dante's marvellous *Matinee* is the one for you, especially as his affectionate 'Coming of Age' saga showcases the spoof B movie *Mant* - 'Half Man, Half Ant, All Terror!'

Above: Poster Artwork — 1962: The possible end of civilization as we know it; Below: The return of the electrifying process 'Percepto'





the cinema basement?

JD: Yeah, that's one of the things I'd wished happened to me. But every movie is semi-autobiographical in some respect. *Explorers* was to a large degree. Mant, the black and white movie intercut into the main story, is an exact pastiche of the films I saw as a kid on Saturday afternoons. They exploited our fear of nuclear war. But when we left the theatre, our fear had dissipated—at least for the rest of the day. There was a magic in those movies, even in the worst of them, something exciting and scary. That was the atmosphere I tried to capture in *Matinee*.

S: Tell us about the brilliant Mant special effects. They echo *The Fly* and Bert I Gordon's Grade Z movies.

JD: They're supposed to be primitive. But they're slightly better than the effects such movies had mainly because Rick Baker did them. He made the Mant

"It used to be so much fun to go to the movies. Is it the same for kids today?"

creature and another really cool giant ant. They both look like the best of those movies, only a little more sophisticated because we didn't want the audience laughing at the creaky

effects. We wanted them laughing at the absurdity of the creatures. I've never been one to make fun of old movies simply because they look cheesy. To me, if they had magic back

then, they still retain some of it today.

S: There's a scene in *Matinee* where Mant touches Cathy Moriarty's backside. Surely this wouldn't have been allowed then?

JD: I don't know. He just wouldn't have gotten so close! It actually touches her two times. This footage is what will lead people to see the movie over and over again. The Fifties feel is very accurately rendered, same lighting, same costumes, same music from other classic films of the era. Films like *Tarantula* and *The Black Scorpion* kept me going when I was a kid. And I would keep coming back for more. They were real, you just had to believe in them! Everybody today still hopes to recapture that feeling when they go to the movies now. There's a scene in *Matinee* where the kids get in their seats, the lights go down, and they all cheer and throw popcorn. But when the movie starts they just freeze and stare wide-eyed at the screen. That's exactly how I was. How I wish it was for audiences today.

S: Even down to Atom-E-Kron and Flumble-Ramus, the gimmicks Goodman uses to hype *Mant*?

JD: Sure! Goodman's character is based on William Castle, who was the most outrageous director/producer. He enjoyed marketing his pictures on the



Above: Mant makes a scheduled appearance in a Florida cinema

Right: The disaster movie ending!

Left: Mant terrorizes the brilliant Cathy Moriarty

road more than actually making them. Castle never made a sci-fi pic though. Goodman was familiar with Castle's films so it was easy for him to grow into the part. I miss those movies. It used to be so much fun to go to the movies. Is it the same for kids today? I don't think so. That's why I try to make movies that will give young audiences the sort of wonder and excitement I used to have.

S Would you have liked to have been a director back in 1962?

JD I would have probably been Roger Corman! Only Roger was making movie after movie on ten day schedules. Nobody can do that these days: it takes a year at least to make a movie. So I'm kind of nostalgic for the days when I could make more than one picture a year. That's why I liked working on the TV show *Eene, Indiana* (Creative consultant Dante also directed five episodes). It took a month from the time you wrote it to the time you edited and finished it. Unlike *Gremkins 2* which took forever, two years in fact. Two years!

S Is that why you've said you'll never work with Steven Spielberg again?

JD I don't remember ever saying that, but probably, yes. The kind of movies I want to do and the kind he wants to produce are just so different. I don't think we're interested in the same things. I mean, I've made several pictures for him and I'm sure that if something else came up I thought was good, and he wanted me to do it, it would be fine. But the last time we spoke was about *Plastic Man*, a comic strip character that no one remembers. A superhero who stretches himself! I'm not interested in this kind of movie at all.

S What was the hardest part of directing *Matinee*?

JD Clearing the rights to the movie posters you see in the cinema foyer. You have to go to the studios and the actors to get their signatures for worldwide viewing. Up until last week people were still calling me and saying 'This book by Robert E.



it's hard to be real these days because it costs too much

Henken. Do you see it in the movie? If so, for how long, because we've got the licence Magazine titles are the same. One of the reasons why people believe in movie reality is because they can read brand names. But now everything has to be cleared, paid for, or given as an advertising plug. It's hard to be real these days because it costs too much.

S What are you doing next?
JD I have a comedy script I'm trying to get made called *Termite Terrace*, the name of the building where they drew Warner Bros cartoons in the Thirties. It's based on a book by Chuck Jones, a fictional story about him, Tex Avery, and all the other famous cartoonists. There'll be a lot of stuff about how the great cartoon

characters were created.

S Is *Matinee* your best picture?

JD Maybe. I like to think I have no regrets over every picture I've directed. Actually I'm happy with *Matinee* although I'm not sure how it will travel in terms of commercial success. There are two things I like most in the world: making movies and watching them. Except I can't watch my own movies. I know what's going to happen!

DUST TO DUST

Shivers feature by Mark Kermode

What are the differences between the American and British cuts of *Dust Devil*? And why do two versions exist anyway? We enter the controversy and clear up the confusion with quotes from director Richard Stanley.

Financed by an amalgam of British investors under the Palace Productions umbrella, Stanley's "archetypal South African horror story" was also co-funded by Miramax, the American co-producers and distributors of *Hardware*. Having prepared their own US cut of *Hardware* — "far less trippy and weird than the British" — Miramax retained the final cut rights for *Dust Devil* Stateside too. An acceptable arrangement according to Stanley, it prevented the need for a "compromise cut" to please all involved parties and "each territory could have a version which satisfied them."

Throughout the arduous Namibian *Dust Devil* shoot, Miramax remained admirably hands-off, giving Stanley only minor suggestions regarding their preference for the "feel" of the film. In December '91, he delivered his first fine cut, a 120 minute assembly, subsequently cut by ten minutes (after some



grumbling on Stanley's part) to fulfil various British TV contracts. This approved version was delivered to Miramax for their consideration, and they returned an 85 minute cut!

Then the real complications began. In February '92, Palace, on the verge of financial collapse, asked Stanley to accept a single version of *Dust Devil* which fell between his and Mira-

max's out. "Palace explained it would be financially expedient to arrive at a compromise but I'd have nothing to do with it. I'd lost footage already and I wasn't willing to go back in the editing room."

A 94 minute cut was subsequently assembled and test-screened to poor reaction in Wimbledon. A tightened cut of this version was then accepted by Miramax and released in Spain and Portugal as *Demorica*. (This played at the recent Avonaz Festival.) Meanwhile, Palace went bust and the movie went into limbo until Polygram picked up all UK rights. Desperate his own cut should see the light of day, Stanley used a video of his original assembly to persuade Polygram to consider a new version which he'd personally finance. £15,000 and months of legal and personal wrangles later, he delivered a finished answer print from which all UK theatrical and video prints have been struck, identified in the end credits as *Dust Devil: The Final Cut*.

"It's the definitive cut representing a very reasonable compromise between all the others. It's the only one which makes sense managing to succeed on a number of levels with a genuinely accidental quality I love. It retains a frightening sense of chaos which, to some extent, reflects its creation. It was a battle worth fighting for. I

"I'd lost footage already and I wasn't willing to go back in the editing room"

Above and below: Two shots from the morgue





A sense of magical awe, an atmosphere of impending, spell-binding doom

could never stand the shorter version which I felt was a sheep in wolf's clothing."

Stanley's cut is more languorous than the abridged version (henceforth referred to as *Demonica*) boasting a rambling, elliptical style. What his cut achieves (woefully lacking from *Demonica*) is a sense of magical awe, an atmosphere of impending, spell-binding doom which informs the film's mystical allusions and myriad dream sequences as three disparate characters spiral toward the dying South African town of Bethany. Wendy, a battered wife escaping from her bullying husband, Ben, a black cop haunted by the death of his son, and Hitch, an inhuman vacuum drawn to the stench of death, who guides his perversely willing victims from this world to the next.

It is the extensive use of centrally important dreams that's missing from *Demonica*. "Dust Devil" is all about magical reality. The demon operates inside dreams and can get to you when you're asleep. Dream states have always been an enigma, no one is sure what they are. So those sequences are very thematic because they are a continuation of events within the movie wherein I can be more direct about what's going on." The most startling example of such reinstatement depicts Ben returning to the morgue. The body on the slab he examined earlier is no longer that of a girl, but of Ben's son, surrounded by the figures of his in-laws looking on accusingly.

Above: The Dust Devil in all his glory; Right: The magic finger-severing ritual

trail of a vicious killer, *Dust Devil* presents him as a man desperately seeking his own death, mainly achieved by the inclusion of Ben's departed wife Kate, a character entirely absent from *Demonica*. Her reinstatement is the boldest contribution in Stanley's cut. Present only in Ben's fevered imagination, Kate represents the guilty desire for death which haunts him and drives him toward Bethany. She is the key to his suicidal despair. "Ben has been stuck in this dying town for 15 years since Kate left him. His son was in the army and was killed in a border incident. But since blacks don't get drafted in South Africa, the implication is he joined up in order to follow his father's footsteps. Kate believes Ben's misguided love of his country, and of uniforms, caused their son's death. So Ben has been in pain for a long time and that solidifies into the feeling that he's looking for his own death."

Wendy's position is slightly different though. "She's like someone who wants to drown herself, swims out to sea and then changes her mind. But the current is too strong and she can't get back to shore. The idea in my version is that, in the same way vampires have to be invited into your home, Hitch can only take people who want to die. My film is about suicide, magic and the devil in everyone. *Demonica* clearly hedged those issues. Miramax cut it into a straight serial killer movie, playing Hitch as a flesh and blood person rather than an entity — a mirage. But they've left behind elements of that magical content making the movie merely baffling to US audiences."

He then severs one of his son's fingers as part of a magic ritual — explored in an earlier scene (not in *Demonica*) where Ben's friend Joe says he cut off his own fingers as a sacrifice to the creator.

This sacrificial element is at the core of Stanley's vision as is the suicidal guilt theme. Whereas *Demonica* portrays Ben primarily as a cop on the





SPYGLASS ENTERTAINMENT FEST 4 PREMIERE PREVIEW

THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD III



Shivers set report by Simon Bacal

So speaks director/producer Brian Yuzna about *The Return of the Living Dead III* which brings a more serious, darker vein of terror back to the zombie cycle. Not that all ties to the previous two movies have been severed according to associate producer and scripter John Penney (The Kindred writer). "Dan O'Bannon (director of the original *Return*) said 'Okay, *Night of the Living Dead* wasn't about comets that crash to earth and cause the dead to rise. Instead, they were brought back by a special toxin developed by the military to detect marijuana.' Well, I took that piece of new mythology and kept going with it." Yuzna added, "Here, the military plans to use the walking carcasses as bio-weapons during wartime. The corpses are fitted with a special exo-skeleton device which connects their limbs allowing them to be restrained whenever necessary. Of course, you can also let them run wild."

In charge of the living cadaver project is Lieutenant Colonel John Reynolds (Kent McCord) whose estranged son Kurt (J

"Our film is a zombie *Romeo and Juliet*"

Trevor Edmond) yearns for a life away from the army base. Heading for Seattle with his girlfriend Julie (Mindy Clarke), Kurt causes a road accident which kills her. Grief-stricken and emotionally devastated, Kurt goes back to the base, discovers the true nature of his father's work, and uses the toxin to resurrect his lover. They both go on the run for the remainder of the film and keep evading the clutches

of Colonel Sinclair (Sarah Douglas). Penney remarked, "Thanks to the horror genre, we're able to adopt a very literal approach. Our film is a zombie *Romeo and Juliet* and Brian has placed Julie in a new, incredibly dark hell in which she is neither dead nor alive. He came up with this really neat process where Julie uses pieces of broken glass to pierce and scar her body, inflicting pain in this way



"Return of the Living Dead was wonderful and very humorous. The second had too much comedy and didn't work so well. I'm tired of seeing tongue in cheek horror so I'm playing the third part very straight. Nobody goofs around and makes fun of the genre in my movie."



Opposite page: Mindy Clarke, dressed to kill in the latest glassware look; Above left: Doesn't that look like director Anthony Hickox?; Above right: They'll eat anything these zombies; Right: Behind the scenes flesh-ripping

Right: It looks like fun on a Yuzna set!

helps her retain her identity as she slowly deteriorates."

"When I auditioned for this role, I had to pretend to eat brains and be a monster," recalled Mindy Clarke. "Although I felt such a fool, I really had to let myself go. I was attracted to Julie because, rather than be a typical brain-eating, moaning zombie, she's still deeply in love with Kurt." Adding that element of reality to the part was a major challenge she said. "I didn't want to be too campy. So, in order to capture the true feeling of Julie's experience, I tried to come up with the nearest analogy to being dead. If I gave someone a shot of heroin without them knowing it, their body would be out of control, they wouldn't be able to walk properly and their head might jerk around. That was the best comparison I could make." She continued, "Julie is the product of a very dysfunctional family. She has no father and doesn't mind being ignored by her mother because she's determined to have a life. And she thrives on danger. There's a line that reads, 'danger turns me on.' This is all before she dies, of course. It was a characteristic which caused me to love this role and have a good time with it."

J. Trevor Edmond, a die-hard zombie movie fan, felt very comfortable in living dead land as he explained: "I hope this film will scare the hell out of everyone in the same manner past zombie movies have scared me. I play a very idealistic person who, after being placed in extraordinary circumstances, is witnessing something that no one in a million years has even dreamt about seeing. Considering the situation, he takes everything pretty calmly too. He's like a Zen god who deals with the things life throws at him instead of breaking down in despair. He possesses great strength and is determined to love Julie no matter what—a key factor which constantly motivates him throughout the film."

Putting across Kurt's personality traits enabled Edmond to relate to real life experiences, especially when it came to such emotions as anger, idealism and love. He said, "If everyone sees



"The most horrific sights unfold in the tunnels where Julie gorily kills a street gang"

back and thinks about the first time they fell in love, and how much they wanted that love, they can understand what Kurt is going through." As well as the emotional effort needed, the movie also required a great deal of physical effort on Edmond's part too. He continued, "I was bruised non-stop throughout the shooting. I often thought I'd been through Hell Week in football! On the very first day of shooting I had to lift Julie's dead body and sling her over my shoulders. Carrying a 120 pound girl would be an ordeal at the best of times. Because she's playing dead as well, we're talking even heavier. But you can't rush the action in action movies. Although Kurt would take control and try through such a situation, you must show the audience every single horrific thought that goes

through your mind. That's what the best genre movies are all about."

They're also about gruesome sights, gross special effects and blood-soaked mayhem. And **The Return of the Living Dead III** boasts its fair share of each. Five different special effects teams combined their creative juices for Yuzna's nightmare visions. One was headed by Steve Johnson, veteran of many terror tales including **Pet Sematary II**, **Innocent Blood** and **An American Werewolf in London**. Another was supervised by second unit director Tom Rasmone who said, "One corpse has its head fused to its shoulder while its arm is fused to its chest. When this zombie finally takes a bite of human flesh, it nips its own face away leaving a disgusting half-skull visage. When it nips its arm

away, an exposed rib-cage is the result. Wayne Toth, who supervised the K&NB EFX skeletons for **Army of Darkness**, created this cadaver which looks absolutely amazing."

"Instead of possessing a slimy look, these creatures are almost dry until we pull them open and rip them apart. Then they're really wet!", added producer Gary Schmoeller, who worked with Yuzna on **Society** and **Silent Night, Deadly Night IV: Initiation**. He continued, "Some of the most horrific sights unfold in the tunnels where Julie gorily kills several members of a street gang. This is probably the most horrendous part of the movie." Writer John Penney concluded, "It's a film that really moves fast. From the moment Julie is brought back to life, you'll be on the edge of your seat thanks to a bunch of great twists and turns. I promise, you'll barely be able to catch your breath with all the excitement."



STARLINER LETTERS

Send your letters to: Starliner Letters, Shivers magazine, PO Box 371, London SW14 8JL, UK or Fax to: 081 875 1588

Barry Piggott

Woodhouse, Manchester

Shivers is proving itself to be a fine magazine, a nice balance of past and present, mainstream and the more obscure (for obscure read *ITALIAN*... only obscure to me due to the fact that it's less accessible/available). But do your competitors have to be so damned hard? I'm not asking for the 'Name the Elm Street villain?' type of question but I don't like ploughing through mountains of encyclopaedic reference material, only to find that I still don't know all the answers. So good luck with the format, the intelligent approach is appreciated, just ease up on the comps. Okay!

Okay, Barry. Others are complaining too and I did get rather carried away with the last comp. I just don't want them to be insultingly easy as they so often are in other mags. I feel there has to be a modicum of brain-teasing effort involved. But I did go too far last time. Look on the competition pages for another chance at *Demons* and *Demons 2*.

Renaud Lefebvre

Quebec, Canada

I have a request, please Lance Henniken (*Aliens*, *Pumpkinhead*) is often featured in horror movies where he effectively portrays menacing characters. Articles on this very talented actor are few and far between. Apart from *Aliens* most of the movies he's appeared in have come and gone without much publicity. Would you be prepared to feature an article on his past/present projects and/or an interview? Even a complete filmography on Lance would be most welcome.

The answer is yes, Renaud. If all goes to plan, Henniken will be a guest of honour at the fourth *Dylan Dog Horror Fest* in Milan this month. I had every intention of grabbing him anyway and more reason to do so now. Fingers crossed he doesn't

cancel or refuse. Often the reason you don't see interviews with some celebrities is simply because they don't like doing them!

David Gates

Portsmouth, Hants

Great, excellent, fantastic, and truly in a class of its own (*Shivers*!) Keep up the good work. P.S. Can I have a *Pet Sematary 2* French press kit please?

A bit shameless, David. But yes you can. And so will all the other letter writers who remembered to include their press kit info choice.

Jussi Kantonen

Jyväskylä, Finland

Keep on focusing on the things you've been focusing on. The interviews are well done and comprehensive, the mini-reviews get to the point. But what impresses me most about the mag is the excellent Argento coverage. For a future issue I'd like to suggest an article that would provide an insight into his use of locations and sets. Who designed the sinister buildings around the Piazza Munio fountain seen in *Inferno*? Where is the library itself located? Where was that park in *Four Flies on Grey Velvet*? That sort of info. Finnish Argento fans (and there are a lot of us) had an all-too-

rare cause for celebration recently when a Helsinki revival cinema actually screened *Suspense* and *Deep Red*. This was something to really scream about in our neck of the woods. Right across the road from this cinema is one of Finland's three horror specialist stores where *Shivers* is on sale. Further along is a new watering hole called 'Horror Club' — the music sucks, but they do display a waxwork dummy of Pinhead. That's about it for the exterior signs of the horror scene in Finland. So *Shivers* is a great lifeline.

There's more Argento coverage for you Jussi, and all your fellow Finnish devotees, in the next issue where the man himself *poor-mortals* *Trauma* and tells you exclusively about his new movie plans.

Nick Jay

Bournemouth, Dorset

Shivers 6 was a pleasure to read especially the informative Asia Argento interview. However, I must object to David Prothero's opinions, in particular his condemnation of 'lame brains who have *The Hunger* on tape etc!'. I can accept this sort of drivel from Barry Norman but not from a supposedly intellectual contributor to a horror magazine containing features and pictures on *Body Melt* and

The Final Friday! My point is that I'm happy to read articles on gore movies (I love *Brain-dead* too) as well as in-depth analyses on other genre titles. Prothero must accept that *Shivers* is meant to appeal to both ends of the spectrum and therefore he can't spurn the 'lame brains' just because he has differing tastes. I don't want to read your magazine and be condemned by him for it. It's hard enough these days being a horror fan without being treated by others as a) juvenile, b) lame brain c) total worshipper. Keep up the current journalistic level and keep mixing the bloody, the morose and the intelligent in equal doses because it makes *Shivers* a must-read mag. But ease up on your readers Mr Prothero.

Mark Darvell

Neath, South Wales

How about a complete filmography and interview with director Lucio Fulci. I've been a fan for many years but don't know much about him. Also, I'm sure I'm not alone in saying I'm sick of films being reintroduced into the video market still heavily out despite publicity stating otherwise. I'm totally fed up with censors making decisions for the rest of us. I'd like to know what people like Fulci think about the whole censorship business. Personally I think it's disgusting, more disgusting than anything you'll find in his horror films. Keep up the good work and please print my letter.

Since you insist, Mark. But surely you've read endless Fulci features in the *Shivers*? I can't see the point of rehashing everything again. In my opinion he's a thoroughly unpleasant individual, a grumpy old man. Dealing with him is no fun. I'm sure his take on the censorship issue would be solely financial.



Right: Lance Henniken in *Near Dark* for Renaud

DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS

Director: Harry Krumel
Starring: Delphine Seyrig, Genevieve Guimet, John Karlen
Tartan Video: Sell Thru

The ultimate lesbian vampire movie. Made at the same time Hammer was mining the Sepulchric subtext of the Dracula legend with dealerlike Freudian overtones, Harry Krumel's European co-production is a curious and often striking, fairly tale for adults that unusually for its time (1970) ignores the goner aspects of vampirism in favour of the psychosexuality and pathology informing it. Making excellent use of its major setting — the abandoned decadent Grand Hotel Des Hermines in Ostend — Krumel focuses on newly-weds Karlen and Guimet joined in their rapturous solitude by the elegant Seyrig (as Countess Elizabeth Bathory) trailing a series of bloodless murders behind her. With engineered suicides and lesbian power games on her mind, the stunning Seyrig swims around *Nanette* style in an isolated, desolate world where arousal and death are a combined emotion — one drawing these menage a trois pawns to their doomed destinies. An odd mixture of earnest performance, campy indulgence, sexual eccentricity and enigmatic horror, *Daughters of Darkness* is impressively mounted. Karlen's

VIDEODROME

Shivers reviews by Bob McCabe



death by fruit bowl is a knock-out: the art direction is by, of all people, French pop superstar Françoise Hardy, and altogether quite unique. This arresting, dreamy delight is one of my editor's all-time favourite movies. Is there a higher recommendation?

GRAVEYARD DISTURBANCE

Director: Lamberto Bava
Starring: Karl Zimmy, Beatrice Ring
Caleco Direct Video: Sell Thru



Lamberto Bava gets stuck firmly in dumb juvenile territory with this weird attempt to blend sub-Gothic schlock with the teens in distress movie school. A group of van-driving young things stumble across an inn full of deformed staff, blowing smoke, and neon Miller Lite signs. The scarred inn keeper entices them to spend the night in his subterranean crypt... with

Below: The Daughters of Darkness threesome

the promise of untold treasure come the dawn. Zombies, multi-eyed diners and escape-proof covenants make this look not as easy as it sounds. Despite one or two entertaining and, for Bava, stylish moments — a pool of aggressive eyeballs, a bizarre meal for the freak dead — the director is generally treading very thin water here. Bava badly bungles supposedly endearing teen pines with characters that, frankly, irritate and a plot that goes nowhere, stops dead, wanders into *Carnival of Souls* territory, and then just doesn't bother to go any further. For die-hard fans only.

SEWAGE BABY

Director: Francoise Tan
Starring: Frank Reeves, Lisa Patino, Marie Michale
VIPCO: Sell Thru

Billed as 'the most disgusting and controversial movie ever made', *Sewage Baby* reaches a new all-time low for movies in general. Of course that may be a recommendation for some. Complete with the tackiest and nastiest special effects around, it's the low rent tale of a brothel-cum-abortion clinic, wherein a foetus disposed of into the sewers, via the toilet, hooks up with some inadvertent toxic waste, mutates, covers the building in a mucous membrane and proceeds to pick off the residents with its razor sharp umbilical cord. Add the rape of a straightjacketed mental patient and it's clear to see that the production values are not the only aspect helping define *Sewage Baby* as cheap. Deeply offensive, unappealing, sick and badly acted to boot, if U-bends were only big enough, this amateurish



abortion deserves a fate similar to its protagonist. File under 'F for flush!' (Note from editor: Can't wait to see this one!)

TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME

Director: David Lynch
Starring: Kyle MacLachlan, Milla Jovovich
Guild: Rental

Here's your chance to make Lynch's remarkable movie the success it always deserved to be. He begins his big-screen *Twin Peaks* by destroying a TV set — an apt metaphor as it transpires. For as the last seven days of Laura Palmer's life are laid before us, Lynch moves further and further away from his ground-breaking series, creating instead a startling, unnerving meditation on fear and the very nature of evil. *Fire Walk With Me* becomes a dark, doomed vision of teenage nihilism, a *River's Edge* to the nth degree. Beginning with a serio-comic aside, Lynch populates his world with rock icons and movie stars — David Bowie, Chris Isaak, Kiefer Sutherland, Harry Dean Stanton — before entering the familiar town and putting the story on a footing we can relax with. But not for long! Fans of the show may be disappointed that the movie ultimately doesn't give a damn about its TV predecessor. Both plot and character are soon jettisoned as Lynch concentrates on mood to create the most morbid atmosphere ever captured on film. This is Lynch at his boldest, his most audacious and outrageous movie since *Eraserhead*. It may well be his masterpiece.



INFERNO

Director: Dario Argento
Starring: Leigh McCloskey, Irene Miracle, Eleonora Giorgi
Fox Video: Sell Thru

This is just a reminder that Argento's dazzling movie is now out in glorious widescreen. It's arguably the best movie he made (well, I have to say that really don't I?) and you can win a copy on the next page.

PATRICK

Director: Richard Franklin
Starring: Susan Penhaligon, Robert Heilmann, Robert Thompson
VPCO: Sell Thru

If you've never seen it, this psychic chiller from the late '70s new wave of Australian cinema is still a potent gripper. It's also one of the few horror movies ever to feature a completely immobile protagonist: in this case a catatonic hospitalized after the savage murder of his mother and her lover. Sitting unblinking in bed, Patrick begins to com-

municate with new nurse Penhaligon, first guiding her fingers over the typewriter, then becoming increasingly jealous in a psycho-kinetic kind of way, wreaking havoc in an attempt to keep his new mother all to himself... Code psychology and Oedipal numbers aside, and there's plenty to put aside. *Patrick* still impresses in numerous sequences with Franklin showing an early flair for tension building that would blossom in his later career. It's a dodgy turn from Penhaligon but Patrick's vacant, violent stare is what stays in the memory.

NEWS

The Redemption label continues to offer some of the best and most interesting titles around. Along with their recent releases of *Succubus* and the classic 1933 *Vampire Bat*, the label's May releases offer up another Thirties classic, Carl Drayner's German masterpiece *Vampyr* and Jean Rollin's psy-

Left: The immobile Patrick from the film of the same name

chedelic 1971 comic-strip nightmare *Requiem for a Vampire*. Those lucky enough to buy their copy of *Dario Argento: Master of Horror* (MIA) on or around its March 8th release date will have ended up with a complete uncut copy minus BBFC cuts. Brian De Palma's loopy *Raising Cain* is worth another look on rental... So too is Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch* on Sell Thru... The Japanese Body Horror classic *Tetsuo: The Iron Man* is out now... Tim Thomerson returns in *Trancers III: Deth Lives*. Brave-world release Jim McBride's unusual vampire movie *Blood Ties* starring Bo Hopkins... With *Robocop 3* not being released until February 1994 see the David Bradley rip-off *Cyborg Cop* instead. The 20/20 title will probably be better by all advance accounts. More VPCOs are released on May 24th including Michael Gough whipping up a Storm in the Anthony Balch cult classic *Horror Hospital*, the unusual *Aussee* vampire flick *Thirst* and John Russo's superior *Midnight*. Don't bother with *First Independent's Mom and Dad Save the World*. But be sure to see the mind-boggling *Leprechaun* out on the same label in September after a short theatrical release in test areas like Manchester. And Michele Soavi's *The Church*, produced by Argento, is finally released by First Independent in August.



I've seen Suzanne Love in *The Boogey/Bogeyman*, *Boogeyman R. Brainwaves* and *Devonshire Terror*, all directed by Uli Lommel, but nothing else. Is she still acting and does she have a fan club? **Lisa Giggens, Littlehampton, West Sussex.**

Suzanna met Uli on *The Boogeymen* and they later married. She was also in his *A Taste of Sin* (1981), released here in 1983 as *Double Jeopardy*. In 1984 Suzanne went to the Philippines to play an American woman who hires a gigolo in *The Boatman*. Recently the Lommels have been out of circulation. Their latest project, *California 405*, announced in 1990, doesn't seem to have surfaced. Suzanne doesn't have a fan club.

Can you give me some information on a few films? If they're on video, where can I get them from, and if they're banned, will they ever be released? What are the penalties for owning banned videos? Is it wise to buy them from the US? (I know I would have to convert them to play on a British VCR)

Samuel Sloane, London N8.

The *Face of Death* series, *The Last House on the Left*, *I Spit on Your Grave* and *Cannibals*

INQUISITION

Shivers Q&A by David McGillivray



Above: Suzanne Love in *Olivia in A Taste of Sin*

bel Holocaust remain by the Director of Public Prosecutions' definition, "obscene". The British Board of Film Classification won't grant them certificates under any circumstances. A BBFC spokesman told me that "in the present climate" they also couldn't permit the release of the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* series and *The Exorcist*.

All these films are in distribution in America and throughout Europe but, if they enter Britain by any means, they're liable to be confiscated by HM Customs and Excise. The police are also entitled to enter your home to seize illegal videos. *Brutes and Savages* has never been submitted to the BBFC. In the first edition of *Shivers I* revealed that Vipco were considering submitting *Driller Killer* and *Flesh*

for *Frankenstein* for certification. But they haven't got round to it yet. Vipco's out version of *Zombie Creeping Flesh* is now in the shops. A cut version of *The Devil* is released by Warner Home Video. If *Rampage* is a reference to William Friedkin's 1987 thriller starring Michael Beinhart, it's released by Fox Video. If *Schizo* refers to Pete Walker's 1976 exploitation "classic", it's been withdrawn; if it refers to Marney Coto's 1989 shocker, it's on the Medusa label. *The Tenant* is no longer on video. The BBFC might consider passing a modified version of *Straw Dogs*, but nobody's bothered to submit it. Stanley Kubrick has withdrawn *A Clockwork Orange* from British distribution and his distributors ruthlessly prosecute outlaw screenings. Earlier this year London's Scala cinema was fined for showing the forbidden pic.

I keep hearing about it, but will there ever be a Hammer revival? Ingrid Pitt keeps mentioning a *Countess Dracula* sequel. The rumour persists about a film about *Vlad Tepes*, but I suppose Hammer has now been beaten by Coppola. Is there any truth in all this? Will Hammer ever rise again?

Christian Bartok, Wigan, Greater Manchester.

The Hammer comeback is no rumour



The question I wanted answered was "Is Hammer in business?" Well, they still have an office at Elstree Studios and, according to the lady who answered the phone, the Hammer comeback is no rumour. "We're rising to go," she enthused. "Right now we're polishing the screenplay of *Vlad the Impaler*. It's a fantastic script. This is the one we're going to push." The company also has several re-makes planned. I got the impression that they weren't quite as enthusiastic about *Countess Dracula II*. Yes, Ingrid Pitt has offered them the script. "We're considering it," is the only comment.

I read the interview with Julian Sands in *Shivers 2*. Since then I've been looking for more info on *Tale of a Vampire* and a cinema release date. But nothing.

Left: Ingrid Pitt in *Countess Dracula*



Above: The Susan Backlinie stand-in from *Jaws 2*

ing. Did it ever get released theatrically?

Babs Elliott,
West Byfleet, Surrey.

Tale of a Vampire premiered at last year's London Film Festival and then played 52 "selected" dates around the country. This low-key release has been a big bone of contention between director Shmajko Sajo and her distributors. The film may play the college circuit later this year. Otherwise watch out for the Columbia TriStar video release on 23rd June.

What happened to Susan Backlinie who was eaten by the shark in the opening scene of *Jaws*? Has she appeared in any other films?

Mike, Bury, Lancs.

This was stuntwoman Susan's one moment of glory. She and her partner Marty Cox now run a company in Ventura, California, supplying trained animals for movies. She regularly takes

time off to tour the world, "indulging her passion for underwater swimming."

Is John Richardson, star of *She, One Million Years B.C.* and *The Vengeance of She*, still acting?

Barry Langham,
Leatherhead, Surrey.

John went to Italy in the Seventies and made his last film to date. *L'Obsessione Che Uccide*, in 1990. The pic, also director Riccardo Freda's last film, has been released to English-speaking countries as *Murder Obsession* and *Fear* and has been on video in Britain as *Satan's Altar* and *The Wailing Shivers*. Mark Ashworth tells me that John's now working as a photographer in Cornwall. He's hoping the shy star will grant us an interview.

Below: John Richardson in his most famous rôle



COMPETITIONS

Two great competitions this month and another chance to win *Demons* and *Demons 2* too!

VIPCO have released another five titles in their Cult Classic Frightener Collection: *The Incredible Melting Man*, *Asylum*, *Grave of the Vampire*, *Patrick* and *The Nostril Picker*. Five readers will win them all just by answering these three simple questions:

- 1) Who directed *Asylum*?
- 2) Name the classic movie sequelized by the Patrick director in 1983?
- 3) Which famous special effects technician created *The Incredible Melting Man*?

If anyone asks me to name my all time favourite horror film, I always answer Dario Argento's *Inferno*. I never get tired of watching the sequel to *Suspiria* with its dreamlike story, gorgeous photography and bravura style. Argento never made a better film and now five readers can relish every sumptuous frame from this Gothic classic in gorgeous widescreen thanks to Fox Video's welcome release. Plus, I'll throw in a T-shirt for Tom Savini's *Night of the Living Dead* to each winner. Answer these two questions, please.



- 1) Who composed the music for *Inferno*?
- 2) Which of the Three Mothers does *Inferno* mostly concern?

For another stab at winning *Demons* and *Demons 2*, name the male lead star of the former.

You can enter all of the above three competitions. So answers on a postcard, or back of an envelope, clearly marked either VIPCO, INFerno or DEMONS. You can enclose the entries in one envelope but each needs to be on a separate postcard.

Shivers Comp (VIPCO/INFerno/DEMONS),
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Worldwide Annual	£43 £75 Sales \$17	£82 £143 Sales \$14	£116 \$200 Sales \$36
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